

FARMER JACKSON'S BULL.

IT STIRRED UP A LIVELY RUMPUS
IN A QUIET RURAL DISTRICT.

A Red Bull Again Excited Its Wrath, and Through Forces It Plunged into the Park, on Charge a Red Bull—End of the Bull.

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., April 21.—It is, some future age, people then occupying that portion of the earth near South Lyons, now circumscribed by a high board fence and known as Job Jackson's two-acre lot, should, in dredging or excavating in its soil, come upon the skeleton of a bull, and possibly as the chances are that it will find an honored place in some scientific institution of that coming time, and call for wise and profound theories by future savants on what manner of beast it might have been—for it is not likely that the story of Job Jackson's bull will be handed down so far as that into posterity.

It was only a week or two ago that Job Jackson bought that bull—a big, full-chested Durham bull. The bull came well recommended as to evenness of temper and tractability, and cost \$150. The former owner of the bull was doubtless sincere and honest in the character he gave the beast, but he had probably never

tested the compatibility of its temper with the prevalence of red wagons on his farm. Farmer Jackson turned the bull into his barnyard and went out every day to look at him over the fence and feel pleased with him and with himself for buying him.

If there was anything on the farm that Job Jackson prided himself on more than he did on the bull, it was his flaming red democrat wagon. The bull had been on the farm a week

Before he knew that there was a wagon of such sanguinary hue close neighbor to him, for the farmer had housed it in a shed on account of the bad weather, he had already, having disappeared, Farmer Jackson hooked his team to the red wagon and started for town. He drove out of the shed to the road, and then for the first time the bull was confronted with the wagon. It tumbled by with the full glare of the sun on its belligerent glory. The bullock took this as a challenge and accepted it. With a bellow that startled the horses and shook Farmer Jackson, where he sat, the bull charged. The horses, however, were not so easily offended between him and the road, but the bull went through it as if it had been a pasteboard fence, and tore down with increased impetuosity upon the wagon and its hated hue.

Farmer Jackson, however, was not so much alarmed at this sudden outbreak of bull temper and of bull to subordinate his prudence, and he whipped his horses to a run, thinking to distance the bull and prevent possible unpleasant consequences. He was not, however, in a right job as the road had not turned sharp to the right just beyond the barnyard. On making the turn the wagon was brought broadside to the bull, and, taking a short cut toward it, the

swelling animal reared it and struck it amidships. The shock, careened the wagon and tumbled Farmer Jackson out into the ditch on the other side. The unchecked horses dashed on down the road, and the flashing of the red wagon behind them was taken by the bull as further defiance, and he tore madly along in its wake. Farmer Jackson arose from the ditch unhurt and gazed with bulging eyes at the rapidly receding procession of runaway team, swaying, bounding red wagon, and furious bull. His breath

sons just in time, says that his employer's feelings were such that his vocabulary seemed inadequate to express just what they were, and also could find it in him to say they were:

"Well, I'll be darned!"

When the driver dismounted, and his hired man started on the trail of the departing farm stock, animate and inanimate. At intervals they met sundry and various persons of both sexes coming out of the fields and over fences back into the road, which they did not hesitate to use. "I don't know," said the driver, "but I think Jackson's cattle might have more room for themselves than the people. I don't know of any persons regarding the case; that I think has passed, as the horses, the religion and the evidence was that the procession could not be stopped."

going. Wind and lime were still intact. Subsequent facts did not sustain this theory. The wind was blowing from the west. If man had travelled a mile in the wake of the plow, he would have been blowing the man and turning live stock. They saw the plow and the man and turned a mile away as it drew nearer, on a trot. The plowman, however, did not turn. He had suddenly put so much life into the agricultural interests of that locality. The full force of the wind was now behind him. The farmer's mind with dire apprehension, he turned back. He saw the plow and stopped. The man and wagon into the kind of a snarl as a roly-poly, an tore their horses into a snarl. The plowman, however, did not turn. He was the pecky critter when he hits here. There is no doubt that Farmer Jackson here was a pecky critter. He was a pecky critter but he wasn't just entirely posted on all of the facts of the case. He was a pecky critter. The tools of the farmer and his hired man be-
st-

ped, gazed at them a moment, snorted, shook his head, lowered it and then rushed toward them with as much vim, vigor, and fury as he and his driver when they charged on the wagon from the barnyard. "Now, farmer," Jackson's farm covers a good deal of ground, and he and his hired man were even then opposite a part of it that is known as Job Jackson's two-acre lot. The peculiarity of this lot is a bed of quicksand about twenty feet square, near the middle of the field, around which a substantial fence has been erected to maintain and prevent cattle from falling into the quicksand.

When the bull came down the road on the double quick, bent on wiping the farmer and his hired man out of existence, the two virginals made for the two-acre lot just over the hill, and the farmer and his hired man followed on the other side. The bull followed the two-acre lot fence was no more a barrier to him than the fence of the two-acre lot, and he went through it with equal ease. Coming to the quicksand enclosure in the lot, he stopped for a moment, and then a rather circuitous course to reach the vantage point of the fence, and then he stood for a moment, having found fences of such little account in his life that it was a pleasure to him to pop his head over the fence and look down into the lot to head the men off, which brought the fence to his quicksand and right in his path. He struck the fence with his head, and it went with a crash. Over its ruins leaped the bull, and he was in the quicksand and he was guarded. Instantly he was up to his belly in

man's reckless drive, to which no better had he yet added the fact that he was driving a bull was the catastrophe. They knew the bull was harmless then, and hurried back to the spot. The bull was floundering helplessly in the water, and the farmer was waving his hands for the power of the men to help him. He sank rapidly in the pit, and soon disappeared beneath the surface, which closed over the poor victim, until the surface lay again as smooth as if he had never been there. The farmer, of the savage animal did not soften the farmer toward him, for he had in his mind the supposed fate of his team and wagon.

Woods said: "The farmer then declares that Farmer Jackson said: 'I don't know how fur down that bull will git, but if I ever hear that there's a bull 'cassin' red wagons in

Farmer Jackson and his man went back to the road in time to meet Neighbor Smith with the runaway team. The red wagon wasn't there. Neighbor Smith said he had a strong pretty much all along the road from there down as far as his farm a mile further on. The team had bogged and kicked it to pieces, and he said he had seen the runaway team challenge the fire of the bull he had evidently turned from the chase satisfied, only to take up the one that brought him to his tragic end.

The Hoop of the Conveys.

From the Atlantic Coastline.

We're marching on to Washington.
We're raised about the nation's wrong,
We're ho'lin' through the country,
Sung by the

We Don't Want Work!
We're wadin' through the farm yards
Where the fat chickens lurk;
We're tawlin' on the country,
Sail-
We

ARMER JACKSON'S BULL.

STIRRED UP A LIVELY TEMPE IN A QUIET RURAL DISTRICT.

Red Wagon Excited its Wrath, and Through Fences it Plunged in Its Furious Charge a Four-Cornered End of the Roll, AMMONDSFORD, N. Y., April 21.—If, in some rare age, people then occupying that portion of the earth near South Lyons, now circumscribed by a high board fence and known as Jackson's four-acre lot, should, in dredge or excavator, dig down to the bottom of the lot, they would find a four-cornered end of the roll of the 1812. A chance is that it will find an honest man in some scientific institution of that time, and call for wise and profound opinion, to future savants on what manner of

at it might have been for it is not likely that the story of Joe Jackson's bull will be told down so far as that into posterity. **It** was only a week or two ago that Joe Jackson bought that bull—a big, full-chested Dur-bull. The bull came well recommended for evenness of temper and tractability, and at \$150. The former owner of the bull **was** blithely sincere and honest in the character gave the beast, but he had probably never **ed** the compatibility of its temper with the valence of red wagon on his farm. Farmer Jackson turned the bull **to** his barnyard and **very** day to look at him over the fence and fell pleased with him and with him-for buying him.

There, was anything on the farm that Jack

prided himself on more than he did the bull. It was his flaming red demon. The bull had been on the farm a week before he knew that there was a wagon of sanguinary hue close neighbor to him, he farmer had housed it in a shed on account of the snow. The other day, the snow being disappeared, Farmer Jackson hooked team to the red wagon and started for town. He drove out of the shed to the road, and then, for the first time, the bull was confronted by the wagon, as it rumbled by with the full glare of sun on its blithering glory. The bull took

But the driver accepted it with a grin and that started the crowd and shook Mr. Jackson. Where he sat, the bull charged and the road. There was a stout board between him and the road, but the bull thought it as if it had been a pasteboard, and tore down with increased impetuosity on the wagon and its hated hue. Mr. Jackson did not permit his amazement at this sudden outbreak of bull temper of bull to subordinate his prudence, and whipped his horses to a run, thinking to escape the bull and prevent possible unpleasantness. He might have succeeded in this if the road had not turned sharply to the left just beyond the barnyard. On making turn the wagon was brought broadside to

soon, and, facing a short cut toward it, the chasing animal reached it and struck it dead. The shock of the fall and the way it tumbled Larned Jackson off into the ditch on the other side. The unhealed horses dashed on down the road, the flashing of the red wagon behind them taken by the bull as further defiance, and now madly along in its wake, Farmer Brown arose from the ditch unhurt and with bulging eyes at the rapidly receding procession of runaway team, swaying, toppling red wagon, and furious bull. His man, who came hurriedly upon the scene just then, says that his employer's feelings were such that his vocabulary seemed inadequate to express just what they were, and

"Well, I'll be darned!"

When Farmer Jackson and his hired man were on the trail, the departing farm stock, cattle and headstallions, later on they were met by a large number of men, many of them friendly and various persons of both sexes coming out of the fields and over fences back the road, which they did not hesitate to say they had quitted in order that Farmer Jackson's cattle might have more room for grazing and that they might not be disturbed in their work.

Concerning the aspect that Kinkaid had noted, as the horses, the red wagon and the men came on, the man in the red coat had observed was that the procession did not consist of more than three miles ahead and still going on, if what time were still intact, it was a fact that did not account for his money, for when Farmer Jackson and his hired man had travelled a mile in the wake of the stock, they were met by a large number of

coming toward them a quarter of a way. As it drew nearer, on a trot, it seemed to increase in size. Then suddenly it shot much like an arrow into the agricultural interests of that locality. The call, along with a self-satisfied air that filled the air, was "I'm a bull, I'm a bull, I'm a bull," he said, has butted and poling red wagon into kindlin' wood, as the farmer said, and he's got a lot of strings, I'll bet a socky. Maybe I won't see the pocky critter when he gets here." The nodding that Farmer Jackson thoughtfully made, as he looked at the animal, was not entirely postural on all the points. When the teat got within a few feet of the farmer, he turned and disappeared at them a moment, snorted, shook head, lowered it, and then rushed toward them much as the first animal had. He displayed when he charged on the field from the barnyard. Now, Farmer Jack-

he said his neighbors' good fences had troubled him, and his neighbors' good fences were in opposition to a part of it that is in an act. Job Jackson's two-acre lot, which was one of the lots that were about twenty feet square, near the middle of the field, around which a substantial fence was always maintained to prevent the cattle from getting into the trough. When the bull came down the road on the quick, out on wiping the farmer and the neighbors, one of the lots, the two-acre lot, was made for the two-acre lot, got over the fence, and started across the lot for the woods. The fence was a barrier to the fence lot, fence was no more a barrier to the lot than the barnyard fence had been, went through it with equal ease. The fence was the quick fence, in the farmer Jackson and his man had to take a circuitous course to reach the woods. The fence was a barrier to the fence, having found fences of such little account

way that it was a pleasure to him to pop
his head too far out across the
road to hear the men of which he was
around the quicksand right in his path.
ranch fence on one side, and down it
went straight up the unstable spot it had
fallen. Instantly he was up to his belly in
quicksand, and the mire and mud had
yet been found. Farmer Jackson and his
men saw the catastrophe. They knew the bull
was then, and they hurried back to the
The bull was floundering helplessly in
thousand sand or mire, and it was out of
power of the men to help him. He sank
down until he was only his head and
the surface, which caved over the poor
until the surface lay again as smooth as
before he had been down. The men
saw the animal did not avert the farmer
him, for he had in his mind the supple-
ment of his team and wagon. The
quicksand in his head, he now declares

When Mr. Jackson said, "I don't know how that but I will get it, but if I ever hear of anyone taking a little red wagon in there, I'll know it's him."

Mr. Jackson and his man went back to the store at one time to meet Neighbor Smith who was wearing a new suit and a new hat.

Neighbor Smith said that he was strong enough to hold along the road from there until he got his first car and truck. He had banged and kicked it to pieces, and its flamboyant proportions no longer were a hindrance to him.

He told them of the chase satisfied, only to take one that brought him to his tragic end.

Chicago Rapid Transit Plans.

March, April 20.—The Northwestern "L" has secured its franchise from the council a few months ago, will get a way through the vast heart of the

district. It has been decided to concentrate forty feet wide right through all houses on the right of way from north to the alley north of the First National building, and then east to the avenue.

Plans show that the railroad will run through the south end of all the houses along the line. The elevators will be supported on pillars, and the tracks will be trenched for store lots.

The Song of the Canyons.
From the Atlantic Coastlines.
We're marching, we're marching,
In ragged coats we jerk;
We're bawling through the country,
But

Don't want

Work!
We're wadin' through the farm yards
Where the fattest chickens lurk!
We're leasin' on the country,
But-
We

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